

POETRY.

THE BAREFOOT BOY.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

From the Little Pilgrim.
Blessings on thee, little man,
Barefoot boy, with cheek of tan!
With thy turned-up pantaloons,
And thy merry whistled tunes—
With thy red lip, redder still
Kissed by strawberries on the hill—
With the sunshine on thy face,
Through thy torn brim's jaunty grace:
From my heart I give thee joy—
I was once a barefoot boy!
Prince thou art—the grown-up man
Only is a republican.
Let the million-dollar ride—
Barefoot, trudging at his side,
Thou hast more than he can buy,
In the reach of ear and eye—
Outward sunshine, inward joy:
Blessings on thee, barefoot boy!

Oh! for boyhood's painless play,
Sleep that makes in laughing day,
Health that mocks the doctor's rules,
Knowledge, never learned of schools,
Of the wild bee's morning chase,
Of the wild flower's time and place,
Flight of foot, and habitude
Of the tenants of the wood,
How the tortoise bears his shell,
How the woodcock digs his cell,
And the ground-mole sinks his well;
How the robin feeds his young;
How the oriole's nest is hung;
Where the whitest lilies blow,
Where the freshest berries grow,
Where the ground-nut trails its vine,
Where the wood-grape's clusters shine;
Of the black swan's cunning way,
Mason of his walls of clay,
And the architectural plans
Of grey-horned artisans!

For, eschewing books and tasks,
Nature answers all he asks;
Land in hand with her he walks,
Face to face with her he talks,
Part and parcel of her joy—
Blessings on the barefoot boy!
Oh! for boyhood's time of June,
Crowding years in one brief morn,
When all things I heard or saw,
Me, their master, waited for.
I was rich in flowers and trees,
Humming birds and honey bees;
For my sport the squirrel played,
Piled the mouse on his spade;
For my taste the blackberry cone
Purpled over hedge and stone;
Laughed the brook for my delight
Through the day and through the night,
Whispering at the garden wall,
Talked with me from fall to fall;
Mine the sand-rimmed pickered pond,
Mine the walnut shoots beyond,
Mine the bending orchard trees,
Apples of Hesperides!

Still, as my horizon grew,
Larger grew my riches too;
All the world I saw or knew,
Seemed a complex Chinese toy,
Fashioned for a barefoot boy!
Oh! for festive dainties spread,
Like my bowl of milk and bread,
Pewee spoon and bowl of wood,
On the door-stone, grey and rude!
O'er me, like a regal tent,
Cloud-ribbed, the sun-set bent,
Purple-velveted, fringed with gold,
Looped in many a wind-swing fold;
While for music came the play
Of the pied frogs orchestra;
And, to light the noisy quire,
Lit the fly lamp of fire.
I was monarch: pomp and joy
Waited on the barefoot boy!

Cheerily, then, my little man,
Live and laugh, as boyhood can!
Though the flinty slopes be hard,
Stubble-spread the new-mown sward,
Fresh baptisms of the dew;
Every evening from thy feet
Shall the cool wind kiss the heat:
All too soon these feet must hide
In the prison cells of pride,
Lose the freedom of the soil,
Like a colt's for work be shod,
Up and down in ceaseless toil,
Happy if their track be found
Never on forbidden ground—
Happy if they sink not in
Quick and treacherous sands of sin.
Ah! that thou couldst know thy joy,
Ere it passes, barefoot boy!

From the National Era.

A RETROSPECT.

BY CAROLINE BRIGGS HANCOCK.

Oh God! I thank thee for each wish
Denied as well as granted;
Since, oft-times, what I craved, if given,
Had proved what least I wanted.
And, pausing at this finished round,
This cycle of my being,
My soul rejoices that its way
Is with the great All-Seer.
His way is better far than mine,
Who knows from the beginning;
And he that doubts the gracious end,
Repays the grace with sinning.
Who, glancing down his tangled life,
Its seeming tricksome phases,
But sees revealed a perfect plan,
That all his soul aspires.

Each turning from th' appointed track,
Has led directly to it;
Each struggle to avoid the lot,
Has forced the stranger through it;
Each error brought him to a truth;
Each failure, strength to bear it;
Each loss, new patience to endure,
Or wisdom to repair it;

Each coil of folly, sloth, and pride,
Fresh efforts to unwind it;
Each sin, its bitter after-taste,
That left the cure behind it.

The sharpest discipline of life
Has had its end to answer—
As sick men strengthen 'neath the knife
That cuts away the cancer.

Oh, hidden wisdom of our God!
Who can by searching know it?
And who, by seeking to reveal,
But fails the more to show it?

With veiled archangels round the throne,
We cover up our face,
And wait the shining of that day
That every cloud dispels.

IMPERFECT.

An "Infidel" is one who will not bow
To what a spurious Church deems sacred now.

THE LIBERATOR.

ANNIVERSARY WEEK IN NEW YORK.

NEW YORK, May 11, 1855.

TO PARKER PILLSBURY, England:

DEAR PARKER—I wrote to you respecting the removal of Judge Loring, stating that the Legislature had done. The Governor has vetoed the action of the State; thus, we hope, sealing his political doom. He claims to have done it from honest motives. Few will give him credit for it.

I came to New York on the 8th, Tuesday. That evening, though the rain poured, and the streets were muddy, more than three thousand assembled to hear Henry Wilson lecture on the Anti-Slavery movement, in the Metropolitan Theatre, the largest room in the city, seating over five thousand. His lecture was replete with facts respecting the origin of the Anti-Slavery movement, giving full credit to Garrison, and those who labored with him in 1831, 2, 3, 4, and 5, amid the storms of a nation's wrath and deadly weapons. He gave an account of the death of the Whig and Democratic parties, and stated that no political party that arrayed itself against anti-slavery, and in favor of slavery, could stand, or ought to stand, and said he would do all he could to kill it. For one hour and a half he spoke, and not a hiss disturbed him, but bursts of applause followed the utterance of his most radical sentiments.

Then, Wednesday the 9th, at 10 o'clock, A. M., amid rain and mud, more than three thousand assembled in the same place to celebrate the twenty-first anniversary of the American Anti-Slavery Society. Garrison, Langston, Antoinette L. Brown, Theodore Parker, and Phillips, spoke; and, for more than four hours, the great audience listened in wrapt attention to what was said against the pro-slavery Church and Union, and the calls for an eternal overthrow of all religions and governments that sanction slavery. It was a great and effective meeting.

In the evening, the rain and mud having cleared, somewhat, the great Theatre was filled to its utmost capacity, some five thousand being present, though the price of admission was twenty-five cents; and Charles Sumner addressed them two and a half hours on the necessity, practicability and dignity of the Anti-Slavery movement. He, too, did justice to the originator and pioneers of the Anti-Slavery enterprise. But one his was heard amid the rebukes of the Slave Power and its supporters. He spoke till nearly half past 10 o'clock; not one left, but many being added to the vast assembly nearly to the close of his address. There were merchants, mechanics, farmers, priests, lawyers, doctors, judges, and men and women of all classes, creeds and conditions, listening in profound and silent attention.

Mark! the two Senators of Massachusetts thus vindicating the Anti-Slavery Enterprise as started and conducted by Garrison and his coadjutors! Not that they receive all our positions, yet they vindicate the enterprise, and say it must and shall triumph; and these great gatherings, in New York, shout applause. At half past ten o'clock, Phillips was called for, and they would not let him off until he had presented himself.

On the 10th and 11th, we held the business meetings of the Society; and in the evening of the 11th, the New York City Anti-Slavery Society held its anniversary in the Broadway Tabernacle. Burleigh, Garrison and Phillips spoke, and urged a dissolution of the present Union. There we were, in triumph, on the very platform where we were confronted with the ruffian Rynders, and his dastardly ruffian crew, armed with dirks and revolvers, only five years ago. Now, there was present an audience of two thousand, shouting applause to the proposition of Disunion, and the formation of a Northern Confederacy. This, dear Parker, has been the great burden of our meeting—the dissolution of our present Union, and the formation of a Northern Confederacy, in which no man shall ever be held as a slave, put on trial on the issue, is a free man or a slave, a man or a brute; and in which slaveholders shall be regarded and treated as highway robbers, midnight assassins, and pirates on the high seas. Such has been the tone of our meetings; and yet, these sentiments have been applauded by the thousands who have heard them; and the press, even the *Satanic* press, (Bennett's *Herald*), has reported our discussions pretty fairly.

Great, though not wonderful, is the change. For twenty years I have attended the anti-slavery gatherings in New York, except during my five years' absence in Europe. How bitter and malignant has been the press generally, both religious and political! Bitter as death have been the leading religious papers and denominations. They have scorned and denounced us and our gatherings as infidel, atheistical, treasonable. We have held steadily on our way; and while the priests and churches, here assembled on this week, have talked about the sanctity of the Bible, the Sabbath, the Church, the Priesthood, the Union and Constitution, we have discussed the sanctity of MAN. They have placed books, institutions, rites and dogmas before MAN; while we have placed MAN before Bibles, creeds, governments and religions, declaring that MAN must exist, and be recognized as a man, before he can be a Christian, Jew, or Mahomedan—before he can have a government or a religion—and that we cannot civilize or Christianize a brute, nor give the Bible, the Constitution, Koran or Shaster to a chattel. Find the MAN first, and then talk about giving him whatever heaven or earth has to give to man. So our movement transcends all others, inasmuch as the Man transcends his incidents. Anti-Slavery looks after the Man; religions and governments, priests and politicians, look after his incidents, and insist that their God cares more for the incidents of Humanity than for Humanity itself.

The American Bible Society held its anniversary this week, and declared that "No man can be saved without the Bible." Right before their eyes, within sound of their voice, were four millions of human beings without that Bible, without which they are all doomed to hell, according to their decision; yet not one allusion was made to these perishing millions! You might have been at their meeting, and never have learned of the fact, that near them were these enslaved men without the Bible. Slaveholders aided in their deliberations; slaveholders are active in that Society—not one has been given to the slaves, but to have it sent to distant lands. The deadliest enemies of anti-slavery, and the heartiest supporters of slavery, lead the van in that Society.

Then the American Tract Society has held its anniversary this week. Slaveholders and the abettors of slavery are its leading men, and most honored and influential members and officers, and have had most to do in its anniversary. All allusion to slavery and the anti-slavery movement is carefully expurgated from their tracts and publications, and they do not hesitate to expurgate and mutilate every work they wish to issue, so that it shall not utter one word against slavery. Whatever is in favor of it stands. They have elected Rev. NICHOLAS ADAMS, D. D., as one of their Publishing Committee, and given him a veto on every tract printed for publication. Thus, the American Tract Society can publish nothing but with the consent of *Nicholas Adams*. Who is Nicholas Adams? Forever to be known on earth only as the writer of the "South Side View of Slavery"—a book more fraught with evil than any one book ever published in this nation. And that advocate of adultery, robbery, theft, concubinage, cruelty, ignorance, heathenism and all crime, as they are embodied in slavery, is to control the religious literature of the nation, as far as this is controlled by the Tract Society. He is received and honored by the entire priesthood of the nation, of the Presbyterian and Congregational orders; yet they are recognized and acknowledged as ministers of Christ, and in a measure control the Bible, Tract, and Missionary Societies of the nation. These Societies have all held their anniversaries here this week. Thank God, their claims and their influence are being revealed. Make it known in

Britain, that these religious bodies are doing more to rivet the fetters of the slave, and to perpetuate the ignorance, heathenism and degradation of four millions of men, women and children in our midst, than all other influences combined. Not one allusion have they made to the slave, and to the impending doom that hangs over the republic from slavery, during their meetings this week. But they have held up the horrors of the French Revolution, of heathenism, and especially of the infidelity of those who are seeking to raise the four millions of human chattels in our midst to the dignity of human beings.

I send you two or three copies of the New York papers of this week. Read their accounts of the Anniversary; also, their accounts from Kansas. The bloody revolution has begun—the first shot is fired; but not the last. The settlers of Kansas have appealed to the President for protection against the ruffians who have invaded them. The President will side with the ruffians. Will New England? Will the North? There is hope that the people of the North will take their stand, and now settle the question at once and forever, making Kansas the battle-ground. All hearts and eyes must turn upon Kansas for two years to come. Kansas will be the *Slogan* of the next Presidential campaign. KANSAS AND CUBA! This watchword will, we trust, awake the North to go for a Northern Confederacy.

Five years ago, in Berlin, Ohio, this watchword was given at a Convention of four thousand young men and women, assembled to consider, among other things, the proposition to form a Northern Confederacy. You, dear friend, had much to do in raising that efficient battle-cry against slavery. It will be, at no distant day, the thrilling, soul-stirring battle-cry of all in the North who do not prefer to come under the lash of their Southern slave-drivers.

But, I forbear. You have been affectionately remembered in our meetings. We want you here, but we need you there more. At present, stay, dear Parker, where you are, till your health is restored, for you would never get it here. Stay, then, and lay before the people the facts touching the relation of the religion and government of this country to slavery. Man before and above his incidents! Proclaim it through the empire, that man is prior and paramount to all religions, governments, Bibles, creeds and Constitutions, and that whatever cannot exist without destroying man, ought to be and must be abolished.

Yours, HENRY C. WRIGHT.

LETTER FROM JOSEPH BARKER.
[The following Letter was read by Mr. BARKER at the recent annual meeting of the American Anti-Slavery Society in New York.]

SALEM, (Ohio), May 3, 1855.

MY DEAR FRIEND:
I should have come to your meetings at New York with the greatest pleasure, if I could have done so. I should have been delighted to meet old friends, to form new acquaintances among the friends of freedom and humanity, to listen to such men as Sumner, Wilson, Parker, Phillips and yourself, and to share in the hopes, the sympathies, the congratulations and exclamations which must render your meetings so rich a treat to the soul of the philanthropist. But, after nearly a year's absence from home, and a year of continued excitement and labor too, I find it necessary, and feel it to be my duty, to remain some time with my family, and to give myself for a while to my family and my business affairs. But my heart will be with you. I shall rejoice in all your joys and share in all your sorrows, and willingly take my full measure of all your responsibilities. I need not tell you what are my thoughts and feelings with regard to slavery, or the estimation in which I hold you and your friends, and the cause in which you are engaged. It would be strange (though, alas! not unusual) if, after having fought so long against the oppressions and tyrannies of my native land, I could throw down my arms in the presence of a more hateful and malignant tyranny. I am sorry I have not been able to do more in connection with you, and I shall rejoice in all your joys and share in all your sorrows, and willingly take my full measure of all your responsibilities. I need not tell you what are my thoughts and feelings with regard to slavery, or the estimation in which I hold you and your friends, and the cause in which you are engaged. It would be strange (though, alas! not unusual) if, after having fought so long against the oppressions and tyrannies of my native land, I could throw down my arms in the presence of a more hateful and malignant tyranny. 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